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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales, and Historic Scenes, in Verse.
By Felicia Hemans, Author of the
Restoration of the Works of Art to
Italy, Modern Greece, &c. &c. Lon-
don, 1819. 12mo. pp. 256.

TERSE pieces unquestionably display very considerable talent; and had we read them singly, at separate times, we are sure that we should have thought still more highly of them. But it is their misfortune to dwell much on the same set of objects, suggesting the same sort of ideas, and eternally compelling the fair author into the same reflections upon the perishable and imperishable, the same contrasts between nature and art, between animate and inanimate existence, and between art and humanity. That these views are often eminently beautiful no one will deny, and it is only their repetition that cloya—a repetition which no variety of verse, nor difference of style can disguise. We shall copy but two specimens as a proof of their merits, and we will not destroy the effect by copying any other of the numerous passages in the same tone. The first is a scene from the poem, entitled, "The last Banquet of Antony and Cleopatra."

And soft and clear that wavering radiance play'd

O'er sculptured forms, that round the pil-
lar'd scene,

Calm and majestic rose, by art array'd

In god-like beauty, awfully serene.

O! how unlike the troubled guests, reclined
Round that luxurious board!—in every face,

Some shadow from the tempest of the mind,
Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,

Though vainly mask'd in smiles which are not mirth,

But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose transient bloom

May still survive the wearers—and the rose
Perchance may scarce be wither'd when the tomb

Receives the mighty to its dark repose!

The day must dawn on battle—and may set
In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup high!

Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en yet
Lend her one hour for parting revelry.

They who the empire of the world possess'd,
Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged
for rest.

Its joys! oh! mark you proud triumvir's mien,

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And read their annals on that brow of care!

'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps have been;

Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.

Trust not the glance that fain would yet inspire

The buoyant energies of days gone by;

There is delusion in its meteor fire,

And all within is shame, is agony!

Away! the tear in bitterness may flow,

But there are smiles which bear a stamp of deeper woe.

The second is from "The Aben-

carrage," which pourtrays the downfall

of the last Moorish king of Granada.

There is deep stillness in those halls of state,

Where the loud cries of conflict rung so late;

Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's

blast

Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert pass'd.*

Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step, nor

breath,

Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death:

Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,

Save the wild gush of waters—murmuring

round,

In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,

Through chambers peopled by the dead alone.

O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,

Breastplate, and shield, and cloven helm are

spread

In mingled fragments—glittering to the light

Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly

bright,

Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,

And smile, in placid beauty, o'er the dead :

* Of the Kamsin, a hot south wind, common in Egypt, we have the following account in Volney's Travels: "These winds are known in Egypt by the general name of winds of fifty days, because they prevail more frequently in the fifty days preceding and following the equinox. They are mentioned by travellers under the name of the poisonous winds, or hot winds of the desert: their heat is so excessive, that it is difficult to form any idea of its violence without having experienced it. When they begin to blow, the sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses his splendor, and appears of a violet colour; the air is not cloudy, but grey and thick, and is filled with a subtle dust, which penetrates every where: respiration becomes short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, the lungs are contracted and painful, and the body consumed with internal heat. In vain is coolness sought for; marble, iron, water, though the sun no longer appears, are hot: the streets are deserted, and a dead silence appears every where. The natives of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in tents, or holes dug in the earth, where they wait the termination of this heat, which generally lasts three days. Woe to the traveller whom it surprises remote from shelter: he must suffer all its dreadful effects, which are sometimes mortal."

O'er features, where the fiery spirit's trace,

E'en death itself is powerless to efface,

O'er those, who flush'd with ardent youth,

awoke,

When glowing morn in bloom and radiance

broke,

Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen

sleep.

Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish weep,

In the low silent house, the narrow spot,

Home of forgetfulness—and soon forgot,

But slowly fade the stars—the night is o'er—

Morn beams on those who hail her light no

more;

Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth

again,

Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in vain.

Yet smiles the day—oh! not for mortal tear

Doth nature deviate from her calm career,

Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,

Though breaking hearts her gladness may not

share.

O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,

O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows;

Bright shines the sun, though all be dark

below,

And skies arch cloudless o'er a world of woe,

And flowers renew'd in spring's green path-

way bloom,

Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

As we have said, we will not dwell on the reiteration of these sentiments, which are so well expressed, that, perhaps, less fastidious critics might dissent from our opinion, that they are too often expressed, and proceed to offer a few further extracts, which appear to us to display most forcibly the talent of Mrs. Hemans. We may premise that, besides the poems we have already quoted, there are seven other tales and historical scenes, of which "The Widow of Crescentius, Alaric in Italy, the Wife of Asdrubal, Heliodorus in the Temple, Night Scene in Genoa, the Troubadour and Richard Cœur de Lion, and the Death of Conrardin," are the titles. The imitation of Lord Byron is too palpable to require notice, and the poetical reader will observe, that he is not the only bard with whose thoughts and language the authoress has made free.

The fall of Granada in "the Aben-

carrage," is finely anticipated.

Fair city! thou, that 'midst thy stately

fanes

And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,

In eastern grandeur proudly dost arise

Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies,

While streams that bear thee treasures in

their wave,*

* Granada stands upon two hills separated by the Darro. The Genil runs under the

Thy citron-groves and myrtle-gardens lave ;
Mourn ! for thy doom is fix'd—the day of fear,
Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near !
Within, around thee, are the trophied graves
Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be
slaves.

Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
But there a race who rear'd them not shall
dwell ;

For 'midst thy councils Discord still presides,
Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides,
Last of a line whose regal spirit flown,
Hath to their offspring but bequeath'd a
thronē, which is now given to
Without one generous thought, or feeling
of high, which all men and gods to
To teach his soul how kings should live and
died.

The following, from the same poem, strikes us as the most original and well-conceived passage in the whole volume—it paints a desperate warrior seeking death in battle, or rather in pursuit, after he has unwillingly lived to be victorious. Yet he, to whom each danger hath become
A dark delight, and every wild a home,
Still urges onward—undismay'd to tread,
Where life's fond lovers would recoil with
dread ;

But fear is for the happy—they may shrink
From the steep precipice, or torrent's brink ;
They to whom earth is paradise—
their doom
Lends no stern courage to approach the tomb :
Not such his lot, who, school'd by Fate severe,
Were but too blest if aught remain'd to fear.

This is an exquisite turn of Andromache's "Plut à Dieu que je craignise," in the French poet; and the subjoined thought is not inferior to it in sentiment.—What earthly feeling, unashamed, can dwell
In Nature's mighty presence ?—midst the
swell
Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving
woods ?

These their own grandeur on the soul impress,
And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

The conclusion of the feast scene, with the commencement of which we began our extracts, also affords a favourable example of poetical imagery: it describes the prodigy which foretold the fall of Antony, when Bacchus, his god, and a Bacchanalian procession, were heard to quit Alexandria on the eve of the battle which gave the world to Augustus.

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of
night—

Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and
deep ;
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light
The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of
sleep :
For those who wait the morn's awakening
beams,

walls. The Darro is said to carry with its stream small particles of gold, and the Genil, of silver. When Charles V. came to Granada with the Empress Isabella, the city presented him with a crown made of gold, which had been collected from the Darro.—See Bourgogne's and other Tracts.

The battle signal to decide their doom,
Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled
dreams ;

Rest, that shall soon be calmer in the tomb,
Dreams, dark and ominous, but there to cease,
When sleep the lords of war in solitude and
peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake ! Hark ! heard ye
not a sound
Of gathering tumult ?—Near and nearer
still

Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,
Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and
shriek.

Wake, Alexandria ! through thy streets the
tread

Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and
dread,
Is heard upon the midnight air to float ;
And voices, clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
Mingle their thousand tones, which are not of
the earth :

These are no mortal sounds—their thrilling
strain

Hath more mysterious power, and birth
more high ;

And the deep horror chilling every vein
Owns them of stern, terrific augury,
Beings of worlds unknown ! ye pass away,
O ye invisible and awful throng !

Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
To Caesar's camp exulting move along.
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony ! the sky
By that dread sign reveals—thy doom—“ De-

spair and die !”

The fall of Rome, in "Alaric in Italy," is a good companion picture to the fall of Granada ; and very spirited.

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast ?
The march of hosts, as Alaric pass'd ?

That fearful sound, at midnight deep, ?
Burst on th' eternal city's sleep :

How woke the mighty ? She, whose will
So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
Th' ascendant star of destiny !

She woke—
To view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,
To hear her streets resound the cries

Pour'd from a thousand agonies !
While the strange light of flames, that gave
A ruddy glow to Tyber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour,

From fane and palace, dome and tower,
Reveal'd the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worship'd shrine ;
Fierce uthul radiance wildly shed

O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,
Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

There is much vigour and novelty in
the allusions to Death, when the conqueror falls.

* To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair
and die ! *Richard III.*

At the hour of midnight, the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a portion of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. 5, p. 311.

But hark ! what wildly mingling cries
From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise ?
Why swells dread Alaric's name on air ?
A sterner conqueror hath been there !
A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,
He comes to bring the world's release ;
He of the sword that knows no sheath,
Th' avenger, the deliverer—Death !

That it may not be imagined that Mrs. Hemans excels in the appalling alone, we subjoin, in conclusion, a short but pretty and pathetic sketch of nature from the "Widow of Crescentius."

Tis morn, and Nature's richest dyes
Are floating o'er Italian skies ;
Tints of transparent lustre shine
Along the snow-clad Apenine ;
The clouds have left Soracte's height,
And yellow Tiber winds in light,
Where tombs and fallen fanes have strew'd
The wide Campagna's solitude.

Tis sad amidst that scene to trace
Those relics of a vanish'd race ;
Yet o'er the ravaged path of time,
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
Where nature still, though empires fall,
Holds her triumphant festival ;
E'en Desolation wears a smile,
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while ;
And Heaven's own light, Earth's richest
blooms.

Array the ruin and the tomb.

After these attractive specimens, it is not without pain that we feel ourselves bound in justice to add, that besides the besetting sins of imitation and repetition, upon which we have already animadverted, the muse of our fair candidate for the laurel, is rather distinguished by words than by ideas. Musically and tastefully arranged those are, but our memory is not furnished with the impressions of these. To write sweetly and to perceive deeply, to paint gradually and to bare the passions of the heart, lay open the inmost workings of the mind, and luxuriate in those recondite combinations in which the essence of true poetry consists, are qualities widely dissimilar, and we cannot discover much in this lady's writings, to elevate her from the class of the *ingenious* and *elegant*, to that highly gifted order which claim genius as the gift of heaven.

There are some blemishes of a minor kind, which she would do well to avoid in future compositions. We would remark the excessive use of the word "stern," which, with sternly, sternness, sterner, &c. seems applicable to every sense. In pages 163, 4, 5, 6, and 168 for instance, it occurs five times, and we have "stern loftiness," "stern genius," "stern courage," "stern conflict," and "stern augury." Indeed, it is difficult to pitch upon two pages together without this omnipotent adjective, and we are quite offended with "stern solitudes," "stern lessons," "stern smiles,"

"stern reason," and many more stern, than we can be at pains to specify, though we earnestly advise the author to stem her predilection for them hereafter. Rhyming on the preposition "there," is almost equally frequent and irksome. Otherwise the rhymes are generally good, though we must except such as this, *Yet dreams more lofty, and more fair
Than art's bold hand had imaged e'er.* p. 8. The concluding line of which sentence, by the bye, belongs to the bathos, for it runs thus—

*High thoughts of many a mighty mind,
Expanding when all else declined,
In twilit years, when only they
Recall'd the radiance passed away,
Have made that ancient pile their home,
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.*

A little further on, a place of sacred refuge, it is said, "then could shelter not in vain"—a truism or a bull; since nothing that does shelter can shelter in vain, the word shelter implying protection and safety. An error of another kind is observed at page 183. Italy is subdued by Alaric, but on his death

*The land by conquest made his own,
Can yield him now a grave—alone.*

quasi only. It is, however, with no satisfaction that we point out these little blots, and were it not that we look for further productions from the same pen, (encouraged as it must be by the applause justly bestowed on these and preceding efforts), we would not perform the thankless office of friendly censure. It is with this feeling that we annex, only to blame, a metaphor too mixed to pass muster, though its parts are exquisite. The spirit long inspired to pain

*May smile at fate in calm disdain;
Survive its darkest hour, and rise*

in more majestic energies.
But in the glow of vernal pride,
It each warm hope at once hath died,
Then sinks the mind, blighted flower,
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;
A broken gem, whose inborn light

Is scatter'd—ne'er to re-unite.

When the conceptions are so brilliant as these are, the judgment must be consulted to render them, what Mrs. Hemans often is, truly and purely poetical.

Walks through Ireland, in the Years 1812, 1814, and 1817. By John Bernard Trotter, Esq. Private Secretary to the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox, &c. London, 1819. 8vo. pp. 599.

THESE are few books, with the exception of novels and poetry, from which we cannot glean something amusing; few, with the exception of professed works of instruction, which do not afford us some facilities for picking out intelligence from them; few, with the exception of tragedies, that we cannot sorrow

with, or comedies, that we cannot laugh at, or romances, that we cannot wonder at, or sermons, that we cannot improve with, or histories, that we cannot learn from;—such is the common condition of our teeming press, and such the incapacity of the multitude who fancy they have the power of informing their fellow men;—but it has been reserved for the six hundred wearisome pages now before us, to show the full extent of book-making, and to give us in one production, travels without novelty, and anecdotes without interest, the most trite reflections, the most beaten patches of history, the most common place sentimentality, the most tedious tautology, and the most foolish inconsistency. Had this long-winded volume been published for the behoof of the (nominal) author's widow, we should have passed it over either in silence, or with such faint commendations as truth, influenced by charity, would permit; but as it is a *gross, thick* imposition on the world, it behoves us to save our readers from the ennui of its endless inflictions.

A preface relates the chief incidents and melancholy termination of the life of Mr. Fox's Secretary and Biographer: what it does state seems to be impartially done, but there is evidently more concealed than unfolded, and we have so many effects without causes, as to render the whole worthless. The abject distress and misery in which poor Trotter died, is not sufficiently accounted for. Without great criminality on his part, it seems morally impossible that the private secretary and friend of a secretary of state, the brother of a British senator (the Member for Downpatrick), and the nephew of a bishop (Dr. Dixon, Bishop of Down), should perish in a populous city (Cork), absolutely for want of sustenance—without a good Samaritan to afford him succour, without a friend to close his eyes, without one human being even of humble abilities to be interested in his fate. But it is not for us to settle this dread account between the deceased, and those who ought to have saved him from so calamitous a death. Neither shall we rake his frailties, imprudences, or offences from the tomb where they now repose, to balance with their heavy weight the cruel neglect which he must have experienced. It seems that he travelled on foot more than a thousand miles through Ireland, chiefly in Wexford, Meath, Munster, and Connaught; and though it is asserted that the letters of which this publication consists, were written by himself, it is clear, from a hundred passages, that they have been compiled and spun out from his memoranda, solely as a booksellers' job, and destitute of all that they purport to convey, i. e. a development "from personal inspection of the domestic habits and manners of the peasantry, and the antiquities and curiosities of the country." That the rents are too high, the tithes burthensome, and the typhus fever dangerous to the lower orders, is all that we learn on the former subject; and as for the latter, any knowledge of antiquarian research is plainly disclaimed throughout, and all objects of curiosity are dismissed for the more congenial topics (to a bookseller's drudge of a compiler), of the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. the exploits of Fitz-Stephens, Strongbow, Harvey de Monte Marisco, Redmond le Gros, de Lacy, de Courcy, the kings of Leinster or Munster, Sir Walter Raleigh, Oliver Cromwell, William III. the rebellion of 1798, the Catholic Question, criticisms on Virgil and Homer, and similar *novelties* that naturally occur to an observer of manners walking through Ireland!! And if these things were said once they might be pardoned, but they are repeated a hundred times; and a hundred times are all the pungent reflections on the ages past, on ruins remaining and races of men passing away, on what might once be when so and so fought, or rested at such and such a place, added to the interminable list; and the grains of wheat are like Gratiano's so lost in chaff, that we conscientiously believe we may find room for every one of them in the two or three columns which we shall devote to their preservation. Before we proceed to this task, however, we shall briefly notice that the style is bad and ungrammatical—that the views of character are widely different from those of Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan, but, we are persuaded, upon the whole, more accurate than either; and therefore, we are sorry they are so thinly scattered—and that the remarks are occasionally just, and as impartial as could be expected—that the reasoning is often illogical and founded on erroneous bases. Of these we shall not stop to give examples—they will strike every reader, if any reader has patience to peruse this volume: such as may be satisfied with an acquaintance with its most striking contents, will find them in our annexed miscellaneous selections.

Character of Mr Curran, and of the Irish.—To the left, we perceived the modest villa of the Right Honourable John P. Curran, nestled amongst handsome trees, and com-

manding a fine view of Dublin, its environs, &c.; it formed, amongst many other charming villas and improvements, a pleasing object. The very celebrated character who resided there, became the subject of our conversation. I had often heard and admired his eloquence, and been diverted by his sportive pleasantry and wit. Yet he had never seemed to me happy: too great a desire for admiration, and a temper which had never undergone early melioration and subjugation, were his greatest enemies! He did not read enough to fully cultivate his mind and supply him with sufficient home resources, and, perhaps, his company was too often ill-selected. These were some observations we made on passing the country-seat of an orator who has had great flights, but has also had many aberrations in his career. Of Irish genius, it may be said,—if I be permitted to compare it to a flower,—that it blows too soon, and its fruits are consequently too frequently immature! Yet, what is wanting but due cultivation? It springs every where, and has the brightest tints. They certainly do not read enough in Ireland, and generally leave off at the time study becomes most useful. They decide too rapidly,—often do not think,—but pronounce,—and sometimes lose the benefits of well-considered arguments and clear reasoning, by disdaining the one, and not having patience for the other. Nor is the distinguished character just mentioned an exception to these remarks. In conversation I have never observed him profound, or demonstrative. Ridicule was his favourite weapon, which is often a substitute for more powerful attack, or the shelter for ignorance. He frequently made speeches in private society, and sermons in his speeches. This too was proof of bad taste.

Anecdote.—We were happy to learn that great harmony prevailed between all parties at Ferns. Accident introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Redmond, priest of the place, who related to me a curious little anecdote. When pursuing his studies, and finishing his course of education in France, he had spent a summer in Bas Poictou, where General Bonaparte, then a thin, slight young boy, was. He had slept in the same room with him six weeks, and perceived nothing shining or engaging in him. He was generally employed in making machinery, which he placed on a small water-course. As the party were one day shooting, Bonaparte, who was not very active, fell into a brook five feet deep, which he endeavoured to leap across. He was nearly drowned, when Mr. Redmond immediately discharged his piece, and presented the end to him, by which he saved his life.

Thus, in the hands of a poor Irish priest, hung, for a moment, much of the future destinies of Europe.

We should be glad to be assured if there is any truth in this story. The following fact is equally new to us.

The celebrated abbey of Graignamanah now struck our view. I cannot describe how nobly venerable it looked. The aisles

and arches afford beautiful specimens of the Gothic. The windows we thought remarkably handsome. The abbey was well enclosed, and good gates at different entrances. A very ancient tomb is to be seen near the entrance of the abbey. The figure of a man in armour is seen on it, and is said to be Lord Galway's. He is reputed, I know not why, to have been a son of queen Elizabeth!!!

It is stated elsewhere, on the authority of a parish priest, Mr. Ferral, as a curious circumstance connected with abbeys,

That in France they are all placed on high ground; in Ireland on low, and near water. He thought the Irish more judicious, and mentioned, with a smile, the three curses of the Irish—"a high place for a house, a beautiful wife, and white cows;" perhaps, from exciting attention, and raising envy, he meant, they were dangerous—and, consequently, objectionable.

Natural History. Play of fishes on the Coast of Wexford.—One of our party has become a very good fisher, from the stupendous rocks on the east-side, and sallies out frequently before dawn with the large long rod and strong line they use here. He relates to me an extraordinary and interesting piece of natural history, with which he became acquainted yesterday morning. He set out to fish while twilight was going, and he scarcely discerned his path. Arrived at the rocks, he waited farther light, as he had come out so early. In some time, the sun peeped from the waves! This mighty orb began faintly to reddens the sleeping waves, when suddenly a vast play of fish, not far distant from shore, startled and delighted our fisherman. There was instantaneously an innumerable concourse in motion, beating the surface of the water, playing their gambols, their silvery sides glistening in the rays of the dawn! The sun slowly emerged from his bed, and when he was a few moments risen, this "play" (as it is termed by sea-faring people) suddenly ceased. This singular mark of adoration to Heaven, paid by animated and reviving nature, when dawn appears, is not commonly known, unless to very early risers, who frequent or fish on solitary rocky shores like those of Hook. I regret greatly that I never witnessed this peculiar and pleasing phenomenon. It may occur but rarely.

Of Tarah, the renowned in Irish song, the following is a just picture;—we fear it will take some of the gilding off "Tara Hall."

The assembly at Tarah was a meeting of numerous petty despots and bards. We find nothing done there to meliorate the condition of the long-afflicted people. The bards ministered to these tyrants' pride. They regulated genealogies, and taught congregated princes and nobles to fancy valour, wisdom, and virtue hereditary, whilst many of them were the most worthless of mankind. Their numbers and rapacity made these bards, at length, quite intolerable, even to their patrons.

The ministers of Christianity did a great

deal to meliorate the country. They raised up the prostrate people, and restrained the selfish despots, who had long trampled them on their native soil, or made them unhappy instruments of blood and rapine.

Antiquities near Carne in Connaught.

We rode to the spot, through great sand-hills and hollows, on the Atlantic coast; and, in a great sandy plain, were first conducted by Mr. N. to a circular spot, in late years stripped of great heaps of incumbent sand. There we saw vestiges of stone-coffins, formed by placing large flat stones at the sides, bottom, and head, in manner of a coffin, and there had been also a stone lid. When first discovered, some years ago, the skeletons of the dead were in them. They were scattered afterwards. Several skulls, and some remarkably large thigh and other bones, apparently long preserved, were lying near them. A little farther, we saw a similar spot, each about sixty feet in circumference.

We then proceeded a quarter of a mile farther in the vast plain of sand, and saw a large place, once inclosed by a wall, some of which remained, about three hundred feet in circumference. A division had been made into two parts of this spot, and one head, or grave-stone, stood in it. Skulls were scattered around. At some distance we observed another circular burying-ground, about one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, in the centre of which was a round kind of building, ten feet high, and full of sand. Round this, were stone-coffins, skulls, and bones. Mr. N. said, that on the first discovery of these places, by the blowing away of the sand, the interior of the coffins had the appearance of having been scorched by fire. On digging a little in one of these coffins, a human rib was discovered.

About a quarter or half a mile from these ancient remains, is the scite of the old city of Baldrrook. All these cemeteries had been covered with sand, which shifts greatly here, and lying in that manner for a lapse of centuries, unknown, had been recently uncovered. They are near the Atlantic sea. History cannot account for these monuments, as the mode of burying seems different from any thing ever known in this island. The Egyptians were fond of burying in stone caverns, receptacles, and coffins. The antiquity of Ireland cannot be doubted, and the mind staggers under conjecture as to these coffins.

Tradition says, a king of Munster formerly invaded Connaught, fought a great battle with its king and his troops,—was defeated with great slaughter,—and that these burying-grounds were then made for the dead. It seems not likely that enemies would be interred with such care and regularity, instead of being thrown into one large pit. The ancient city of Baldrrook, and these cemeteries, may have once been in the centre of extended lands; for marks of the encroachment of the sea are evident. Ireland may have been joined to the now distant islands, or formed a part of the Atlantic continent, which gave name to the

sea. Stumps of trees, and bog, are often seen on the strand here, uncovered by the violence of the waves.

These are conjectures: but that a very different state of things existed once at Baldurrock, is manifest. The mind endeavours to penetrate into the gloom and uncertainty of antiquity with pleasing and tremulous anxiety; doubts where it is advancing, yet longs to proceed and ascertain what it hopes or fears. On the eastern shores of Ireland, similar remains of bog and stumps of trees are to be seen, so that this island's former junction with Great Britain is not at all improbable.

As this county, Connaught, is least known to the English reader, we shall conclude our extracts with the only one of the kind we could make from these walks:—a descriptive sketch of Erris.

In Erris we see no green crops, good enclosures, or gardens; it is nature in her unadorned. But in the qualification and improvement of the mind, this interesting portion of Connaught excels most parts of Ireland. This people's persons are very good, well-formed, and active; their dress neat and genteel. They resemble French peasants in many respects. They have abundance of food from the vicinity of the sea, producing quantities of fish and shell-fish, and the fertility of the land, much arising from the vast heaps of the mucilaginous sea-moss thrown on their shores. They marry very young; the girls at twelve or thirteen, and the young lads at seventeen. Nature finds nothing to damp her operations in this happy spot, and the genial passion of love, which scatters the sweetest roses in the early part of life, inspires them to be happy as soon as possible. No cares for the support of a future family impede them; the soft smile of Venus bids them early seize the golden moments of a fleeting life, and they obey. Accordingly, population is rapidly increasing; but great tracts of mountain and heathy land are still quite uninhabited. Their houses in general are neat, well-furnished, have good beds and linen, and are white-washed, and of decent appearance. Their crops are potatoes, oats, barley, and flax; but tithes are found very oppressive. The great wants of the people of Erris are roads and markets. The nearest market-town is forty miles distant from some parts of it. A new road is planned, with the approbation of government, it is said, from Castlebar to the Mullet; but the burthen a very large undertaking of this kind must lay on the land, will be heavy.

When divine service had ended, every one walked about, and diverted themselves in the pattern. There I observed this pleasing people at my leisure. The men were very respectable and orderly; the females possessed a great deal of beauty of the most delicate kind, and had fine teeth and hair. Their countenances were of that Grecian, or foreign antique cast, I remarked at Achill, and full of sensibility and modesty. How those charming eyes spoke! How truly graceful did these Erris beauties appear!

In this assemblage every thing was harmonious and tranquil,—the voices of all were low and soft. The language was almost universally Irish, and spoken by the gentle fair ones we saw, sounded sweet and clear, whilst the smile from their lovely eyes dazzled, or the cordial shake of the hand, evinced their joy. Modesty, too, the first charm of the sex, adorned these charming young women, and no intoxication disgraced the men.

In some adjoining cottages the music of the Irish-pipes resounded, and we visited the dancers. They shewed grace and agility, and, as all the Irish do, seemed fond of the dance, and excelled in it. The beauty of the females was here seen to great advantage. I observed in these cottages a primitive degree of simplicity in the transparent parchment used for glass in their windows. To us, who had now attained the extreme point of our walk, and had explored these remote regions, this entire scene was perfectly delightful. How many prejudices vanished! How many pleasing, social ideas succeeded! How delighted did I dwell mentally on my theory of a people happy, amiable, and civilized, dwelling in Ireland before the Milesians arrived! Was not this a portion of them, yet surviving the iron pressure and cruel conflicts of Milesian kings? Was it not evident, too, that English power had made no devastation here, since so unchanged and uninvited a remnant of the Irish lived happily to this day under it?

We now cheerfully close the pseudo Mr. Trotter's work, having literally sifted it laboriously for these few selections. If any one wants to know that Mr. MacKenzie not M'Neil wrote "Will and Jean"; that potatoes are the greatest blessing and a curse to Ireland; that the Lakes of Killarney are not so fine as Lough Corrib; that Ireland is a place of great 'populosity'; that the frequent lake is scattered through Connaught; and that the poor people have not the enjoyments of the rich; he will discover all these things and much more of the same quality at full length in this tedious and tiresome compilation.

SMEETON'S REPRINTS OF SCARCE TRACTS.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," says Dr. Young; and we are determined, in the present case, to catch the thief. These reprints have been from week to week laid on the *honey* corner of our desk for the notice they merit, and yet some cause or other has prevented us from fulfilling our intention towards them. Last week, however, when circumstances brought a poetical revival before us, we could not help being strongly reminded that we owed a just debt to Mr. Smeeton, who has performed a literary task very agreeable to our ideas of the fitting.

We should be much worse critics than we are, had we not read most of the histories of nations; but while we confess this obligation to these writings, we are free to say, that no species of composition affords us so little satisfaction as history, considered in the light of history. Call it romance, the ingenious speculations of able men on particular facts, animated biography, admirable language, delightful philosophizing, or, if you please, dramatizing, and we will applaud it to the top of echo; but as plain truths, as the narrative of what really happened in consequence of ascertained impulses and motives, we beg to be excused—we will peruse annals and chronicles with as much relish as any one; but for the histories which tell not only what acts kings, warriors, and ministers did, but why they did them, what they thought at the time (as well as before and after), and what would have taken place had they happened to think otherwise, we really hesitate at pinning our easy faith to the sleeve of such omniscient authors. This being, unfortunately for us, or for the dignity of the historic muse, our creed; it may be anticipated that we are amazing lovers of private memoirs, of familiar letters, of family papers, and of all those little sources of intelligence, whence (if they existed sufficiently and could be consulted) a better history than ever yet was seen might be compiled; and, therefore, favourable to the republication of most of the productions which Mr. Smeeton has selected to commence with, a plan which we think can hardly be carried too far, or encouraged too much.

Mr. S. is a printer; and being struck with one of his performances which we accidentally saw, we thought it our duty to inquire further into his design and views; which we cannot better unfold than in his own words.

St. Martin's Lane, May 31, 1819.

Sir,—I readily embrace the opportunity which your kindness affords me, of writing to state the nature and extent of my Tracts.

In the course of reading various modern authors on Historical and Biographical subjects, I very often found such strange contradictions and partialities, that I was induced to search for other information among the tracts printed at the time, wherein I discovered such plain matter of fact, and such important circumstances, that I became astonished any author should have neglected to cull from those sources, such invaluable treasures. I felt sorry, that from the scarcity of the tracts, they were lost to "the Million;" and this reflection determined me to reprint a series of them, and compile others, uniform, and detached, in order that readers

might purchase only such as suited their particular pursuits.—Somers's Tracts are well known, and justly admired; but they are expensive, are not published separately, and have no embellishments. I intend confining myself solely to Historical and Biographical Works; preserving the orthography of the originals, but illustrating them with notes, fac-simile frontispieces, and well-authenticated portraits.—The number printed is 200 copies.

In reading them, Sir, I must beg of you, not to view them as the editorial productions of a scholar—they were compiled (as my late honest friend, Mr. Gardner the bookseller of Pall Mall, said in answer to the Rev. Mr. Dibden's attack on him) on my shop-counter, amidst the hurry, care, and anxiety of an extensive business. Dr. Johnson says, in his Life of Butler, that "a man who makes a book from a book, may be useful, but never great." If ever I should be useful, my wishes will be accomplished—I shall have arrived at the height of my ambition. I am, Sir, your obliged servant.

G. SWEETON.

We have read nine of these publications, and, with the exception of the notes to one (the Life of Hugh Peters), and some parts of the compiled Life of the Duke of Buckingham, most cordially approve of them all. The scarce black-letter tracts are especially interesting: and we trust that the following account of and examples from them, will add such strong reinforcements to the printer's friends, as to excite him to complete his purpose to the utmost, in a way pleasing to the public, and beneficial to himself.

We have nine reprints, at from 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. each, before us, the whole amounting to 28s. 6d. We shall begin our critique with

1. *No Jest like a true Jest*: being a compendious record of the merry life, and mad exploits of Captain James Hind, the great robber of England. Together with the close of all at Worcester, where he was drawn, hanged, and quartered, for high treason against the Common Wealth, Sept. 24, 1652.

This serious *jest*, which ends in hanging, is black-letter, and has a curious 'protracture' of the captain as a frontispiece. It affords altogether a curious picture of the times, when highway robberies were not only common, but accompanied with so much of chivalrous adventure and comic incident, as to be at once interesting as stories, and characteristic of the manners of the age.

It is, perhaps, a fact worthy of observation, now that so great an outcry has been raised against the executions for forgeries of bank notes, that this species of crime has only, as it were, superseded another class, and that the number of

persons hanged for the imitation of a paper currency is to be viewed, not as a new proof of legal severity, but as the substitution of one kind of offenders for another, whom the prevalence of that very currency has eradicated. Highway robberies are no longer the vogue, because the transmission of large sums is so easily effected in a way which affords no facilities for thieves to convert the medium into real value,—at any rate not without the utmost risk of being traced and detected. Our fiery and unsettled spirits, therefore, no longer travel on these perilous adventures, but either evaporate in Reform meetings, or sink into the lowly craft of picking pockets or imitating bills of exchange. Of old it was not so. Men of business had to transport sums in specie from place to place, and the moment the plunder was seized it was not to be identified so as to bring the robber into danger. His horse and himself being disguised, the gold he took, once gone, was never to be ferreted out again. The inconveniences to which men were put to avoid exposing themselves to spoliation, when they had any sums to pay at a distance from their homes, is drolly illustrated in Hind's exploits; and we select one of them as an example.

CHAP. XII.

How Hind served a committee-man who disguised himself for fear of robbing.—A committee-man having occasion to travel towards London for to buy many commodities, hearing that there was robbing on that road, fitting himself with an old gray coat out at elbows, and an old mare, with boots instead of stirrups hung at the saddle, that were not worth three-pence, and a bridle of the same price. Now rides he merrily thinking no highway-men would set on him, but mony ill got will be ill spent. For he chanced to meet with Hind, who asked what he was, he answered, that he was an old man going to get relief amongst his friends: Hind gives him a piece of gold, and bid him drink his health, and be merry at his inn.

The old miser thinking to please Hind coyned two or three great oaths presently and said he would be drunk with drinking his health. Hind parted from him, and the old man went to his inn and set up his mare, then called for half a pint of sack, and after the first glass was down, he began to say that he escaped the greatest danger that ever he was in for said he I met with Hind, and instead of robbing me, he gave me a piece of gold, and bid me drink his health, but I'll see him hang'd before I'll spend one penny for his sake, hang him rogue, he robs all honest men, only cavileers he lets them go, I'll put his gold amongst my own, I would have given ten pounds to have been rid of him when first I met with him: So after a short supper going to bed Hind came into the inn, using to lie there as a traveller

not known, the host told him in what for an old committee-man was to do, saying he had met with Hind who gave him money to drink his health; but he said he would see him hanged first, and called him rogue a thousand times. Hind went to bed, and the old man travel first in the morning, and about an hour after Hind rid after him, when he had overtaken him, he asked the old man if he drank his health, I said he, I was never so drunk in all my life as I was last night: for I drank the King's health, the Queen's health, the princes, and your health ten times over: Hind said to him, friend I have found you in many lies, and now I will make you call me rogue for something. So Hind made him uncle his greasy sack where he found fifty pound in gold and his own piece besides. Now the committee-man to cheer up himself resolves to borrow so much of the state before he went another journey: Hind said the sooner you get it the better for me if I meet with you again.

We shall add no more of this celebrated rogue, but that the parliamentary act of oblivion passing between his sentence and execution for other offences, he was put to death for high treason against the State on the 24th Sept. 1652; and the "true jest" concludes,

Thus fate the great derider did deride,
That lived by robbery, yet for treason died.

No. 2. *Second Captain Hind*: or the notorious life and actions of that infamous highwayman and housebreaker, Capt. John Simpao, alias Holiday, who was executed at Tiburn, on Saturday, the 20th of July, for felony and burglary. With an account of his mad pranks, projects, and strange exploits, particularly how he robbed the King's tent of 1000l.

This is also a black-letter account of another worthy like the former; but as the title-page is very ample, we shall only quote one short passage relative to his most memorable of 150 capital crimes.

In the year 1692, he was reduced to a low ebb, he listed himself for a soldier, and went over into Flanders in the Lord Churchill's regiment, where he was no sooner arrived and got a little knowledge of the ways and customs of the country, but he set up in good earnest the trade of pilfering and thieving, and in a little time became extraordinary expert in those arts and sciences, and improved his talent in that cursed vice, that he soon arrived to that infamous degree of being called captain of the thieves; and the only step to that title was by robbing the King's tent, which was carried on and performed by his invention, for on this night several of his acquaintance being in the sentinel, he bribed them, so he and three others were admitted into the royal treasury, from whence they conveyed above a thousand pound, and went off with it without the least opposition, but notwithstanding this great booty, in less than a year's time, he was again reduced to want, so that he robb'd Captain Churchill of abundance of

clothes, things of such a value that he was not able to pay his debts, and was forced to sell his yellow barge, and his days time in the church, and the worth of the said company, and the groom of the one of the said it was all lost.

No. 3.

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clothes, besides money, plate, and other things of great value, and his ingenuity was such in most of his performances, that he was not so much as suspected for a considerable time, till at last he in company with *Perrot*, and *Wiltshire*, with another who is now in *London*, had the impudence to rob the church of *St. Michael* in *Ghent*, and was try'd for it, but for want of sufficient witness was acquitted, which so far emboldened him in his villainies, that after having in a quarrel about a miss, kill'd a gentleman, and being condemned for it, he broke prison and fled to *St. Peters Church*, where with his yellow boys, he produced his pardon, in four days time, and soon after robbed the said church of above twelve hundred pounds worth of plate, and in order to conceal it till the said rumour was blown over, he, and his companions threw it into a pond, where a groom one day riding in to wash his horse, one of the cups stuck on his legs, so that it was all recovered again: the groom having 100. paid him as a reward.

No. 3. *The Court and Character of King James*, written and taken by Sir A. W. (Sir Anthony Weldon) being an eye and ear witness:

This is, we think, the most valuable of these books; and altogether (though written in a strong party spirit, and debased by not a few misrepresentations) one of the strangest pieces of entertaining contemporary biography that we ever read. It has recently been much referred to; and the *Edinburgh Review*, in particular, has made use of its charges to countenance the usual anti-monarchical doctrines, which it thinks proper to inculcate. Thus the anecdote of Sir Roger Aston, who went much between Elizabeth and James.

That he did never come to deliver any letters from his master, but ever he was placed in the lobby; the hangings being tuned him, where he might see the queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end, then that he should tell his master, by her youthful disposition, how likely he was to come to the possession of the crown he so much thirsted after; for you must understand, the wisest in that kingdom did believe the king should never enjoy this crown, as long as there was an old wif in England, which they did believe we ever set up, as the other was dead.

It is a more piquant story of him that

Presenting himself before the council, being but a plain untutored man, being asked how he did, and courted by all the lords, lighted upon this happy reply; even my lords, like a poor man, wandering above forty years in a Wilderness, and barren Soyl, am now arrived at the Land of Promise.

As we have begun with anecdotes, we will here add a fine naval one of Admiral *Mansell*, which may not be familiar to the majority of readers.

To bring these Embassadors over, were appointed Sir *Robert Mansel*, Vice-Admiral

of the narrow Seas, and Sir Jerome Turner his Vice-Admiral; the first commanded to attend at Graveling for the Spanish Embassador, the latter at Calis for the French; but the French coming first, and hearing the Vice-Admiral was to attend him, the Admiral the other; in a scorn put himself in a passage boat of Calis, came forth with flag in top; instantly Sir Jerome Turner sent to know of the Admiral what he should do; Sir *Robert Mansel* sent him word, to shoot and strike him, if he would not take in the flag; this, as it made the flag be pulled in, so a great complaint, and 'twas believed it would have undone Sir *Robert Mansel*, the French faction put it so home, but he maintained the act, and was the better beloved of his master ever after, to his dying day.

Thus was the superiority of the British flag nobly upheld.

King James sent Embassies in return, and an odd remark is made on that next to Spain.

The Spaniard was astonished at the bravery of our embassie, and the handsome gentlemen (in both which, few embassies ever equalled this) for you must understand the *Jesuits* reported our nation to be ugly, and like devils, as a punishment sent to our nation for casting off the Popes supremacy; and they pictured Sir Francis Drake generally half a man, half a 'dragou'. When they beheld them after the shape of angels, they could not well tell whether to trust their own eyes, or their confessors reports, yet they then appeared to them, as to all the world, monstrous lyers.

The sequel of this handsome embassy is quaintly told, and records another gallant action of Admiral *Mansell's*.

The embassador had his reception with as much state, as his entertainment with bounty, the king defraying all charges; and they were detained at their landing longer than ordinary, to have provisions prepared in their passage to *Madrid*, with all the bounty was possible, to make the whole country appear a land of *Canaan*, which was in truth, but a wilderness.

In their abode there, although they gave them rost-meat, yet they beat them with the spits, by reporting that the *English* did steal all the plate, when in truth it was themselves, who thought to make hay while the sun shined, not thinking ever more to come to such a feast, to fill their purses as well as their bellies, (for food and coyn, are equally alike scarce with that nation) this report passed for currant, to the infinite dis honour of our nation, there being at that time the prime gallantry of our nation.

Sir *Robert Mansell*, who was a man born to vindicate the honour of his nation as his own, being vice-admiral, and a man on whom the old admiral wholly relied, having dispatched the ships to be gone the next morning, came in very late to supper; Sir *Richard Lescou* sitting at the upper end of the table among the grandees, the admiral himself not supping that night, being upon the dispatch of letters, the table upon Sir

Robert Mansel's entrance offered to rise, to give him place, but he sat down instantly at the lower end, and would not let any man stir, and falling to his meat, did espy a *Spaniard*, as the dishes empied, ever putting some in his bosom; some in his breeches, that they both strutt'd, Sir *Robert Mansel* sent a message to the upper end of the table to Sir *Richard Lescou*, to be delivered in his eare, that whatsoever he saw him do, he should desire the gentlemen and grandees to sit quiet, for there should be no cause of any disquiet; on the sudden Sir *Robert Mansel* steps up, takes this *Spaniard* in his armes, at which the table began to rise; Sir *Richard Lescou* quiets them, brings him up to the end amongst the grandees, then pulls out the plate from his bosom, breeches, and every part about him, which did so amase the *Spaniard*, and vindicate that aspersion cast on our nation, that never after was there any such siffable heard, but all honour done to the nation, and all thanks to him in particular.

From thence, next day they went for *Madrid*, where all the royal entertainment *Spanie* could yield was given them, and at the end of the grand entertainment and revels, which held most part of the night; as they were all returning to their lodgings, the street being made light by white wax lights, and the very night forced into a day, by shining light, as they were passing in the street, a *Spaniard* catch'd off Sir *Robert Mansel's* hat, with a very rich jewel in it, and away he flies; Sir *Robert* not being of a spirit to have any thing violently taken from him, nor of such a court-like compleint, to part with a jewel of that price; to one no better acquainted with him, huris open the boot, follows after the fellow, and some three gentlemen did follow him; to secure him, houseth the fellow in the house of an *Algnarel*, which is a great officer, or judge in *Spanie*; this officer wondering at the manner of their coming, the one with his hat, and sword in his hand, the other with all their swords; demands the cause, they tell him, he saith, surely none can think his house a sanctuary, who is to punish such offenders; but Sir *Robert Mansel* would not be so put off with the *Spaniards* gravity, but enters the house, leaving two at the gate, to see that none should come out, while he searched, a long time they could find nothing, and the algnarel urging this as an affront, at last, looking down into a well of a small depth, he saw the fellow stand up to the neck in water; Sir *Robert Mansel* seized on his hat, and jewel, leaving the fellow to the algnarel, but he had much rather have fingered the jewel, and his gravity told Sir *Robert Mansel*, he could not have it without form of law, which Sir *Robert* dispensed with, carrying away his hat, and jewel, and never heard further of the business; now the truth was, the fellow knew his burrough well enough, as well as some thieves of our nation, after they have done a robbery, would put themselves into a prison of their acquaintance, assuring themselves none would search there; or rather as our recorders of *London*, whose chief revenue, for themselves, and servants, is from

thieves, whores, and bawds, therefore this story cannot seem strange in *England*.

The poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury is related and commented upon at some length in this tract. One Symon, a servant of Sir Thomas Monson's, was among the parties tried; the charge against him was for carrying the poisoned dishes to the deceased in the Tower.

Who upon his examination, for his pleasant answer, was instantly dismissed. My lord told him, *Symon* you have had a hand in this poisoning business; no, my good lord, I had but one finger in it, which almost cost me my life, and at the best cost me all my hair and nails; for the truth was, *Symon* was somewhat liquorish, and finding the sirrup swim from the top of a tart as he carried, he did with his finger skim it off, and it was to be believed, had he known what it had been, he would not have been his taster at so dear a rate; and that you may know *Symon's* interest with that family, I shall tell you a true story.

The ensuing "true story" is very obscure and cannot be mentioned—it speaks loudly of the prodigacy of these times. A picture of them of another kind is drawn in the following extract. After some of the inferior murderers were executed, the trial of the Countess of Essex came on.

In the next place, comes the countess to her trial; at whose arraignment, as also at Mrs. Turners* before, were shewn many pictures, puppets, with some exorcism and magick spells, which made them appear more odious, as being known to converse with witches and wizzards; and amongst the tricks, *Formans* book was shewed, this *Forman* was a fellow dwelt in *Lambeth*, a very silly fellow,† yet had wit enough to

* When Lord Chief Justice Coke pronounced sentence of death on Mrs. Turner, he said "that as she was the first inventress and wearer of yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped, she would be the last that wore them, and for that purpose strictly charged, she should be hanged in that garb, that the fashion might end in shame and detestation." His hope was fully accomplished, as never after from the day she was executed, was the yellow ruff or cuff seen to be worn.

† He was a chandler's son in the city of Westminster. He travelled into Holland for a month in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences; also in physic, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas: being sufficiently furnished and instructed with what he desired, he returned into England, towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and flourished until that year of King James, wherein the Countess of Essex, the Earl of Somerset and Sir Thomas Overbury's matters were questioned. He lived in Lambeth with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was charitable. He was a person that in horary questions, (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; so also in sickness, which indeed was his master-piece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success; in other questions very mo-

cheat ladies, and other women, by pretending skill in telling their fortunes, as whether they should bury their husbands, and what second husband they should have, and whether they should enjoy their loves, or whether maids should get husbands, or enjoy their servants to themselves without corrivals; but before he would tell any thing, they must write their names to his alphabetical book, with their own handwriting; by this trick he kept them in awe, if they should complain of his abusing them, as in truth he did nothing else: besides, it was believed, some meetings was at his house, and that the art of bawd was more beneficial to him, then that of a conjurer; and that he was a better artist in the one, then the other; and that you may know his skill, he was himself a cuckold, having a very pretty wench to his wife, which would say she did it to try his skill, but it fared with him as it did with astrologers, that cannot foresee their destiny. I well remember there was much mirth made in the court, upon shewing this book, for it was reported, the first leaf my lord *Cook* lighted on, he found his own wives name.

Our room forbids our going more at length into this remarkable little volume, which is indeed replete with curious matter: nor can we at present proceed further with Mr. Smeeton's entertaining reprints.

LEGH'S SYRIAN TOUR.

(Concluded from *M' Michael's Journey*.)

Returning from Petra our travellers stopped a few days at Karrac, and passed the time in a further examination of the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, the whole length of which is estimated at 40 miles, instead of the 75 or 80 usually

stated. He was a person of indefatigable pains. I have seen sometimes half one sheet of paper wrote of his judgment upon one question; in writing whereof he used much tautology, as you may see yourself, (most excellent esquire) if you read a great book of Dr. Flood's, which you have, who had all that book from the manuscripts of *Foreman*; for I have seen the same word for word in an English manuscript formerly belonging to Doctor Willoughby of Gloucestershire.

Now we come to his death, which happened as follows: the Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him that she had been informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first; whether shall I (quoth she) bury you or no? Oh Trunco, for so he called her, thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it. Yea, but how long first? I shall die, said he, ere Thursday night. Monday came, all was well. Tuesday came, he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impudent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended, he very well; he went down to the water side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down; only saying, an impost, an impost, and so died. A most sad storm of wind immediately following,

assigned. They then passed through the land of the Moabites and entered that of the Amorites, observing many Roman mile-stones, traces of roads, arches, belonging to bridges, &c. on their way. It is striking to peruse such language as the following in modern travels.

Passing by the foot of Mount-Nebo, from the summit of which Moses had a prospect of the promised land, we entered a fertile plain cultivated with corn. From an eminence in the neighbourhood we had a commanding view of the Dead Sea, and saw below us a ruin of a square form, which from its position might possibly be Herodium. We took a guide from the tents new Maein to conduct us to the hot springs, anciently called Callirhoe. Our route was south-west, and we saw, on our road, near a rocky knoll, about fifty sepulchral monuments, of the rudest construction, and of the highest antiquity. Four unhewn stones, covered by one large block, probably covered the ornaments or weapons of the ancient Amorites.

What an interesting mixture of sacred and classical recollections are here associated!

A species of antelope, of the size of red deer, gave animation to the scene. The hot sulphur baths in which Herod bathed were visited, and many most curious plants seen in their vicinity. In about three weeks from the time our countrymen left Petra, journeying through several Arab tribes, such as the Anasees, the Benesakars, &c. they reached Acre, where they were to separate, Captains Irby and Mangles for Constantinople (in a Venetian brig), and Mr. Banks for Egypt. Mr. Legh himself set out to proceed along the coast, to *Sur*, the modern name for ancient *Tyre*—a miserable and insignificant fishing hamlet. Next day he went to Sidon, Seyda. Hence he struck NNE. into the mountains, passed through a delightful tract with terraces of mulberry trees, olives, vines, and figs, and stopped at the palace of the prince of the Druzes.

The "Convent of the Faith," the name given to the residence of the Emeer, is partly built of marble, and separated from the town by a deep valley. I first (says Mr. L.) entered an inner court, where 50 horses were picketed, and was shortly accommodated with a room and served with dinner. The prince, who soon gave me an audience, was about 50 years of age, extremely courteous in his manners, and asked particularly after Sir Sidney Smith. He asked if it were possible for Buonaparte to escape from St. Helena, and then gave his judgment on the character of the different sovereigns of Europe. With respect to the subjects of the Emeer, the Druzes, the commonly received opinion is, that they are descended from some dispersed parties of Crusaders, who, unable to return to their native country, fled for refuge into the mountains here-

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about. In their persons they are for the most part fair, two out of three having blue eyes; it is reported that their women, of whom they are excessively jealous, are extremely beautiful. One of the most extraordinary parts of the attire of their females is a silver horn, sometimes studded with jewels, worn on their heads in various positions, distinguishing their different conditions. A married woman has it affixed on the right side of the head, a widow on the left, and a virgin is pointed out by its being on the very crown: over this silver projection the long veil is thrown, with which they so completely conceal their faces, as rarely to leave more than one eye visible. The dress of the men is extremely rich and picturesque.

After taking leave of the Emeer, Mr. Legh travelled to Balbec, and thence to Damascus, the laws of which city allow no Christian to be seen on horseback. A characteristic incident, arising out of this code, is mentioned by the author.

The President of the Catholic convent of Jerusalem was at Damascus, to complain of the conduct of the Greek monks, and to solicit the interposition of the authority of the Pasha in settling the disgraceful disputes (proceeding, frequently, even to blows, within the sepulchre itself) that had long existed.

On behalf of the Greeks was their Patriarch: both sides were extremely generous in the offer of bribes to interest the Pasha in their favour: the Turk was liberal of promises, and eagerly accepted the presents of each party.

A few days before my arrival, the Greek Patriarch had been honoured with an audience, from which he was dismissed with all the exterior demonstrations of favour and protection.

On taking his leave, a pelisse and a shawl were given him, together with a horse, which waited at the gate of the seraglio of the Pasha, and on which the delighted Patriarch instantly mounted.

But the Turkish soldiers allowed him to ride only a short distance; when, suddenly meeting him, at the turn of a street, they dragged him from his horse, deprived him of his splendid shawl and pelisse, and otherwise treated him with the greatest ignominy.

The Patriarch was content quietly to retreat to his house, where he remained confined during the whole of my stay, slowly recovering from the effects of the mortification and bastinado he had endured. It is not unlikely the same treatment was intended for the President of the Catholics; but he checked his vanity, and though he received the shawl and pelisse, was wise enough to lead his horse through the streets of Damascus.

Of Damascus itself we are told that,

The city is long and narrow, and the houses, built of mud bricks, have an exterior extremely mean, which little corresponds with the magnificence within.—The floors of the rooms are generally inlaid with white and variegated marble, the windows are frequently of stained glass, and the walls are beautifully painted in fresco, with representations not of flowers or arabesques, but

of the most curious and intricate angular patterns and mathematical figures.

Mr. L. stayed a week at Damascus, and then, with two dromedaries and two guides, of the Anasee Arabs, set out for Palmyra, the "Tadmor of the Desert," whose white marble columns greeted his sight on the morning of the fourth day.

Within the vast court of the Temple of the Sun, is contained the present village of the Arabs, who dwell among the ruins of the once magnificent city of Palmyra. A description of these monuments (adds the author) without the aid of such views as illustrate the splendid work of Wood and Dawkins, would be scarcely intelligible, and far exceeds my knowledge of architecture: they seem to be all remains of public buildings, enclosed within walls built by Justinian, and estimated to be three miles in circuit. The origin of Palmyra is involved in the same obscurity with that of Balbec, and no mention occurs of it in Roman History before the age of Mark Antony, who attempted to plunder it; but the inhabitants escaped with their most valuable effects across the Euphrates, the passage of which they defended.

The Suchun or Hot Arabs were encamped with 4000 camels in the neighbourhood. This tribe is famous for its breed of horses, and for its occupation in ostrich hunting, the skins of which birds they offered to sell Mr. Legh at from 4 to 500 piastres a-piece. On his return, he stopped at the Anasee camp of Sheik Nasar, who

Took great pride in showing his greyhounds, like Albanian dogs with feathered tails, that he kept for hunting the antelope; his hawks, with which he pursued the partridge and the hare; and some of his finest horses, particularly one for which he had lately exchanged camels estimated at 2000 piastres.

The territories of these Anasees extends to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf.

Mr. Legh finally went to Aleppo, near which he fell in with 7000 pilgrims travelling in a body; for parties of Arabs were observable on the edge of the desert, on the watch to pick up any stragglers.

From Aleppo by Antioch, Scanderoon, Adana over Mount Taurus, to the entrance of the canal of the Bosphorus, and thence crossing to Pera, closed his interesting journey; the only fault we have to find with which is its brevity, and abstinence from particular and minute descriptions.

HIPPSLEY'S NARRATIVE.

(Continued.)

Some of the young men undertook to prepare every thing for the occasion, provided I opened the stores at the different merchants' houses. In this I succeeded; cards of invitation to the ladies were distributed and accepted. The large room in the palace

was obtained for dancing, and the adjoining ones for refreshments. The evening appointed happily arrived, and the great apartment was decorated in the best possible style. Two of the officers I appointed to assist me in doing the honours, and I selected an English merchant in the city to be my interpreter, as well as my informant as to the rank and condition of each lady as she appeared, that I might pay the necessary attentions to them, and observe the etiquette of South America. I found that since the revolution, and the taking of the city of Angustura, the good and independent Padreens had not been called upon to perform the solemnization of the marriage ceremony. The loving and happy couples, whom fancy, choice, or persuasion, had joined together, were perfectly contented in their unceremonious union with each other; and if matrimony ever entered their heads, it was merely momentary, and as a matter that could be either dispensed with wholly, or postponed to another more fit and propitious opportunity.

After a few ladies had entered the room, and had been conducted to their seats, one presented herself, who, from appearance, dress, ease and manners, I should have pronounced to be one of my own country-women. She was Bolivar's aunt, and a resident in Angustura, waiting only for the restoration of peace and quietness to return to New Grenada. She had visited England, France, and Spain; had been at several of the English and French West Indian islands; and her society was rendered more agreeable by the conversation being carried on chiefly without the interpreter. I opened the ball with a lady whom she introduced to me, as she herself declined dancing; but liberty, independence, and equality were the order of the night. The refreshment rooms were broken into *sans ceremonie*, in order to attack the porter, wine, and spirits, and the whole was drunk off, without rule or decorum. In this instance their independence was conspicuous. On the score of equality, the same system was adopted; every lady of a certain class in the city, every mistress, and every wife, mixed together with the greatest pleasure and complaisance; and every man, from the brigadier down to the ship's carpenter, joined in the joke, the chat, the merry dance, and quaffing the good liquor.

There were about three hundred people at the ball, and it was nearly three in the morning before the delighted company retired.

The expedition next arrived at San Fernando, where the celebration of the eighth anniversary of the Republic, will furnish us with another remarkable picture.

Early on the morning of that day, a fatigue party was ordered to sweep and clear away the rubbish collected before the front of the government house (which, I should observe, had been the palace of the bishop, previous to the surrender of Angustura to the independent forces); and a large cocoanut tree was cut, and brought from the

woods, and planted on the esplanade before the windows. This was for the purpose of representing the tree of liberty; and a nine brass pounder was stationed in front, to thunder out, by its successive explosions, the number of years which the Venezuelan republic had to boast of its freedom and independence, and its emancipation from the intranslalment previously imposed on the patriots by the tyrants of Spain.

A parade of the troops was ordered about mid-day, and the men were directed to form two lines, by extending their files from the government house to the cathedral, through the centre of which his excellency the general, and his suite, attended by all the colonels and field officers in the garrison, promenaded, until they reached the great doors of the church, through which his excellency passed, and halted before the altar, where he was received by the officiating priests in their sacerdotal robes.

Having taken his seat on the left of the altar, on the outside of the railing, with the colonel of the regiment de Valerosa on his right, I was placed next; and Colonel English, and the colonel of artillery, the colonel of marine, and Colonel Wilson, of the red hussars, took their appropriate stations. High mass was performed in the presence of all the officers of the garrison, civilians, and a great number of females. I was requested to approach the altar, and so was Colonel English, where, having a cushion placed to kneel upon, we were prayed over by the patriot bishop, and received a sprinkling of the holy water. I perceived the general Montillo's arch look and smile at both during a part of the ceremony: probably my countenance depicted the doubts I entertained of being made a Catholic, "nolens volens." I acknowledge I began to think the joke was going too far, and inwardly determined, should the wafer be presented to me, to decline the offering, and leave the clergy in the lurch. The blessing and the sprinkling I concluded would do me no harm; and I consented to receive those heavenly dews, from an earthly hand, with composure and resignation. I soon, however, discovered it was only the prelude to high honours. I was cleared of all my sins, my errors, and transgressions, and, being thus purified and white-washed, I was deputed as one of the six bearers to support the canopy of silk carried over the head of the bishop whilst he supported the host in his arms. The procession down the centre of the church, and back through the aisles to the altar, was conducted by four attendants, who carried the silver vases of incense and chalices of holy water: next followed the four priests, then the bishop, with the host under the silken canopy of state, supported by short poles, which were held in the hands of the colonels present, whose order of march was inverted, the junior colonels, in pairs, leading the way. The general and governor followed next, and officers in files according to rank closed the procession. Having returned, and seen the host safely deposited in the "sanctum sanctorum," we retired to our former seats, where

a most impressive sermon, if I might judge so by its pathos and manner of delivery, was preached by a young priest, who had a few days previously arrived from Bolivar's army. I know not how it was, but his affectionate manners, his prepossessing appearance, his ease, and good natured freedom, had completely won my esteem. He spoke French fluently, and I became intimately acquainted with him. He refused several little articles, of which I had begged his acceptance, and only took a small trifle by way of remembrance.

His sermon, delivered in Spanish, contained an exhortation to all, to support the cause of independence and brotherly love; called on Heaven to pour its blessings on their heads, and particularly to bless the English for the assistance they were about to give his country. After an hour's oration, we were dismissed from the church, and repaired to the general parade, where the officers and men were regularly dismissed. In the afternoon we all assembled at the governor's, in front of whose residence we danced round the tree of liberty. A band of Indians exhibited their mock heroics, and performed their dancing for the amusement of the whole of the spectators assembled.

The cannon proclaimed the commencement of the rites to be performed, at the shrine of freedom, liberty, and independence; and porter, claret, rum, gin, and shrub, distributed to those admitted to surround the governor on this occasion, were copiously served until his excellency, finding that he could not stand so steady as he wished, and that the major of the first Venezuelan hussars, and several others, sympathized with him, was pleased to seat himself upon the bare ground, and to invite us all to do the same.

It was a well-timed proposition for many; others complied from the novelty of the thing, and others from compliment to the governor himself, who now, that he could keep the necessary equilibrium upon a broader basis than his feet, gave way to mirth and joviality: songs, toasts, sentiments, and repeated application to the bottle, concluded the festivities of the evening, and Montillo retired to his apartments with some degree of order, but with little regularity.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CARBONARI.

The following accounts, partly extracted from Foreign Journals, will afford our readers a tolerable idea of the Carbonari and the Calderari, who now cover Italy, and excite the attention of its governments. It seems that the revolutionary principle is now pretty universal, for we have Reformers at home, Jacobins in France, Liberales in Spain, Unions of Virtue in Germany, and, lastly, Carbonari in Italy. It is curious to consider this result of the political agitation

* See, for an account of this, the Literary Gazette of Aug. 14.

into which the French revolution, and its consequent wars, plunged Europe; and we think it an interesting moment to present the Italian feature of the scene to our readers.

These societies are at once political and religious: their principles are founded on the purest maxims of the Gospel; their members promise obedience to the Law, and respect to those, who worthily administer justice; they vow eternal hatred to tyranny, and this hatred is the greater because they consider our Saviour as the most deplorable and the most illustrious victim of despotism.

The symbolical words are taken from the coal (or charcoal) trade. The society is called *La Carbonaria*, and *Barrache* (mark) is the name given to their meetings.

This society is composed of persons of all parties, and of all classes of people, the noble and the peasant, the soldier and the priest, the mariner and the citizen, the judge and the lazzaroni, are there united together.

The Carbonari are distinguished by their degrees. The object of the institution is to purge the *Appennines* of the *rapacious wolves*, which infest them; the wolves signify the oppressors of the people, and all the agents of the government who are guilty of arbitrary acts.

The spirit of liberty and of evangelical equality is observed in the sittings of the Barrache; the purest morality is inculcated in them; and it would be easy to name judges, intendants, commissioners or syndics, who, only since their initiation, have given examples of justice, courage, and beneficence! Abruzzo and Calabria have been witnesses of the most astonishing conversions: the banditti who infested the mountains have quitted the musket for the spade; so greatly had they been edified by the sacred word!

It was in 1812 that some emissaries of Queen Caroline of Austria founded the association, with the secret intention of destroying the government of Joachim. Tired of the domination of the English in Sicily, Caroline withdrew, and carried to Constantinople her regret, which was then useless. The Carbonari were deprived of their support; enlightened men, fearing fresh opposition from these sectaries, some of whom had figured in the troubles of 1799, (when the army of the French Republic under Championnet took possession of Naples,) placed themselves at the head of the Carbonari to direct them: nine of them were appointed *Capi de Barrache* (directors of markets). Thus the Carbonari counted among its members partisans of the Bourbons, and partisans of the republic, theocrats and constitutionalists. This heterogeneous composition was the principal cause of the divisions which afterwards broke out.

After the battle of Leipzig, Italy desired a deliverer. Murat did not understand its wishes, and treated the new sect with severity. The chiefs, not feeling themselves strong enough to direct the constantly increasing number of the initiated, conceived and executed immediately a reform (or re-

duction) of the society. The members who were retained still kept the name of *Carbonari*; the members who were discharged received the name of *Calderari* (braziers).

After the death of Murat, Ferdinand having given the ministry of the police to the Prince of Canosa, who had followed him in his exile, the latter thought he ought to check the Carbonari, whom he supposed to be enemies to the king because they had once been protected by Joachim.* For this purpose he instituted a new society, of which he became the head; he delivered licences to bear arms to the lowest class of the people; he composed a list of persons who had presided in the Saturnalia of 1799, and made them members of this society, to which he gave the name of *Calderari del Contropeso*: all the old Calderari were placed in it; he made them swear the most absolute obedience to his orders, and the destruction of the Carbonari and the free-masons: he distributed among them 20,000 muskets, and great blows were going to be struck, when the king having limited the powers of the ministry of police, deprived the minister of his office, and exiled him. It was high time; for Canosa would soon have been more king than Ferdinand.

Meantime the Carbonari, alarmed at the persecution preparing against them, had drawn their bond of union more close, and reserved the oath to defend themselves to the last moment. Never was an oath more respected.

Since then, the Calderari have remained stationary, their number has even diminished; whereas the Carbonari, after having introduced into their society new ameliorations, have increased infinitely. There are now above 500,000 in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, especially in the Calabrias and the Abruzzos. They have rapidly spread over all Italy; and some are to be found in France, Spain, and Germany.

The King of Naples, and the other Sovereigns of Italy, have taken the most rigorous measures against the members of all secret societies, and principally against the Carbonari: they have been branded with the names of *brigands* and incendiaries; they have been thrown in a mass, into dungeons, and their property has been confiscated; but the axe, and the fire, (says one of our authorities, and evidently a member of the Carbonari,) cannot reach the thoughts. Independence has been promised to the Italians, and they have since been told they are not worthy of it. The Emperor of Austria has endeavoured to render himself popular to his new subjects; but time alone can prove whether he has succeeded.

A writer in the *Bibliotheque Historique*, in an article "On the Moral and Political Situation of Italy," gives information respecting the Carbonari, which fully confirms what is stated above. The author, who seems well acquainted with Italy, adds that these Carbonari insinuate themselves into the departments of the administration, even

* This seems partly to contradict what was said above, that Murat treated the new sect with severity.—ED.

into that of the police, which is charged to watch over them. He compares them to the Christians of the first centuries,* who said to their executioners, "You seek to destroy us, and we people your cities and your fields; we command your armies, and we sit in your councils." Our observer even mentions instances of public calamities, perfidiously brought on, or not prevented, by powerful men belonging to this society, in order, say they, that the idea of the evils suffered by the people may be blended in their minds with the idea of those who govern them. This is a truly characteristic specimen of Italian perfidy. The following are some passages relative to Genoa, now under the dominion of the King of Sardinia.

"In no city in Italy do the Carbonari muster in greater numbers;—or rather we should say, the whole population is initiated into their secrets. The hatred of a foreign domination is a sentiment common to all; the high and the low, the patrician and the citizen, all partake in it. There is in the character and the manners of the inhabitants of Genoa, a republican austerity which I most certainly did not expect to meet with in the effeminate regions of Italy.

"It is by this proud attitude, that the people of Genoa make themselves respected by the masters whom the Congress of Vienna has given them. By showing themselves intractable to the yoke, their citizens hinder it from being made more heavy. Fifteen thousand Piedmontese soldiers are always in garrison in this city. The court of Turin would wish to render its government popular; and in order to attain this object, whenever altercations arise between the garrison and the inhabitants, it always decides in favour of the latter.

"On the coast of the other Sea, which bathes the shores of Italy, Venice does herself honour under her misfortune, by the dignity with which she supports it. Venice is also one of the cities where the Carbonari are the most numerous.

This society has not excited the solicitude of the Italian governments only; those of other countries also feel interested in it. The French government looks upon the Carbonari with anxious attention; its ambassadors, its charges d'affaires, and its councils, have orders to watch their proceedings. A power much more remote has shown desire to enter into communication with them.

"It is impossible that in Italy religious sentiments should remain wholly foreign to an institution like that of the Carbonari. Elsewhere, incredulity has sometimes associated with the love of liberty and hatred of oppression. The Carbonari, on the contrary, shew a sincere faith in the religion of Christ; but such as it is found in the Gospel, disengaged from all the foreign elements, which theologians have introduced in the course of eighteen centuries. They were therefore both political and religious reformers. Among them is a great number of members of the inferior clergy. This will

* In this respect he might also compare them with the Jesuits.—ED.

not seem surprising to those who know the wretched condition of the priests who have not attained the honour of the episcopacy, or at least of the prelacy: they live about the members of the superior clergy, in a state not much above that of domestic servants. The Carbonari have among their members also some bishops and prelates, but in small numbers. In general they recruit among all ranks of society, the people as well as the nobility. Here these two orders are not divided, as in the rest of Europe, by opposite interests. The nobility, formerly invested with great political prerogatives, retain a deep resentment towards those who have successively deprived them of them. In proportion as their ancient situation was brilliant, do they feel humiliated by their present condition. It is among this class that we find the most zealous Carbonari."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE COMET.

In our 134th number, we inserted a notice by the learned Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, in which he states his opinion that the Comet probably passed over the Sun's disk, on the 20th (not 28th) of June in the morning. Dr. Gruithausen, of Munich, finds by his journal of observations on the Sun and the Weather, that on the "26th of June, at eight o'clock a. m. he perceived on the Sun's western limb, two small spots, or openings, and one in the centre." As far as he can recollect, the opening in the middle of the Sun's disk seemed to him very small, and indefinite: hence, it appears possible, that this gentleman may have seen the Comet in the Sun's disk, at the very time Dr. Olbers calculated it must have been there; for though a Comet is a light body, it would probably appear as a dark spot in the Sun, from the superior brightness of that luminary. Dr. Gruithausen cannot identify this spot with any of the openings which he observed in the days preceding or following, and concludes that it must have been either an entirely new opening, or the nucleus of the Comet. We cannot, however, be certain, till some other observer shall prove to us by his journal, that he observed it earlier on the Sun's southern limb, and he or another, later on the northern limb. It is, therefore, much to be desired that other observations of the Sun, on the 26th of June, confirming the calculations of Dr. Olbers, may be published in the public journals.

A NEW AND CHEAP CONDUCTOR OF LIGHTNING AND FLUID.

Mr. Capostolle, Professor of Chemistry in the Department of the Somme, affirms that a rope of straw supplies the place of the expensive metal conductors. The experiments, which he has made in the presence of many learned men, and which have been repeated by them, confirms, as he says, that the lightning enters a rope of straw, placed in its way, and passes through it into the ground so gently, that the hand of a person holding the rope at the time does not perceive it. Mr. Capostolle brings the following proof of his assertion. It is well

known, says he, that a severe shock is received by a person who immediately touches the Leyden vial. But if a person takes a rope of straw, only seven or eight inches long, in his hand, and touches, with the end of this rope, a Leyden vial, so strongly charged that an ox might be killed by it, he will neither see a spark nor feel the slightest shock. This is not enough. According to Mr. Capostolle's opinion, such a conductor made of straw, which would not cost above three francs, would be able to protect an extent of sixty acres of ground from hail; and if the houses and fields were protected in this manner, neither hail nor lightning could do any damage to them.

THE FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

As the present state of British Art, its improvement, and the increase of taste, are doubtless subjects of peculiar interest to the Members of the British Institution; the writer requests permission of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, to address that honourable body, and to offer for their consideration a few hints on the subject of national works connected with the Fine Arts.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Since the Arts of Design in this country struggled into excellence, and by the efforts of a few individuals, were rendered worthy of the Royal Patronage, and the establishment of a Royal Academy, no adequate attempt has been made to form a British School of Painting; till stimulated by your example, the Royal Academy procured specimens of ancient art, for the advantage and practice of the students.

It must not be inferred that there did not previously exist sufficient talent in the artists of this country, to entitle their works to the name of a School of Painting; on the contrary, both before and after the establishment of the Royal Academy, performances might be mentioned, equal, if not superior, to those of any modern school; but the education of the students of the Academy stopped short of the end which a School of Painting is supposed to have in view. The drawing of the figure, and the lectures, comprised the whole of their studies; no examples of Painting were placed before them for their observation or practice. Pictures were named by the Professors instead of being shown. The nature of Colouring, Composition, Light, Shade, &c. &c. was attempted to be explained without any visible reference; and the student was left to complete his knowledge by such means as he could himself obtain. So that the title of a British School of Painting, was rather allowed as a courtesy, than acknowledged as a right.

Happily the right is now fully established; and the predilection in favour of foreign of art has given place to the encouragement native talent: as the collections of Sir John Leicester and Mr. Fawkes, and the purchases

annually made at the British Gallery sufficiently prove.

The British Institution has for its object to cherish and improve the Arts of Design, for which laudable purpose, pictures have been purchased, and prizes given; and this course may continue with different degrees of success, as the varied powers or genius of our artists may be developed. It may be persevered in, till a further increase of professors chocks up the channels of employment, or occupies a space made too limited by numbers.

It is for the serious consideration of all who think of taking up the pencil, how far they may fairly look forward to such encouragement and occupation, as may enable them to live in the comfort and respectability, to which every member of a liberal profession is entitled.

It is with the Arts, as with every thing else in the great lottery of life; few can expect the capital prizes of riches, distinctions, or honours; nor is it always in the power of merit to obtain regard. Many concurring circumstances must unite to that end; and to advance the Artist's claims to attention and reward. It is, therefore, in the words of Mr. Fuseli, "better to deter than to delude."

As an article of commerce, the productions of the Arts have frequently been the objects of speculation. Buoyed up by novelty and excellence, the demand for British engravings was at one period great, and foreign markets were alike supplied by the Artists, as by the manufacturers of Great Britain; until the frauds of traffic, and the subsequent wars of Europe, threw the pencil and the graver back upon their old resources. The pause was favourable to improvement.

Stimulated by the desire of excelling, and stung to jealousy by the preference given in their own country to foreign art, and to spurious works attributed to the old masters; our native artists made a considerable advance; by which, and by the powerful writings of Mr. Shee and others, and the judicious and candid observations of men of taste, they came at length to have their "claims allowed."

Lastly, to consummate their improvement, the splendid collections of the kingdom were, from time to time, brought into view by the kindness and liberality of their possessors, for the advancement of public taste and the benefit of the profession; the result of which has been highly favourable to the British School of Painting, and equally creditable to those noblemen and gentlemen, who have thus contributed to the great end of refining the national taste.

Whether the knowledge and taste of the nation are sufficiently matured, to effect the great purpose of forming a National Gallery, in which the selected works of English Artists would show collectively, as well as they do now individually, the high character of the British School, must be left to time to determine. The discussion of this question is not the object of the present address, the aim of which is only to recommend the

adoption of some plan, of less extent, but scarcely of less importance.

It is well known that foreign countries, with far less means than our own, have nevertheless produced great national works. Their admiranda, their galleries, their travels, their costumes, their gems, have been brought forward under the direction of men of taste, and frequently at the expense of the state. Would it not, therefore, be every way worthy the consideration of the Members of the British Institution, to encourage undertakings of this nature; to employ artists themselves, or to enable artists to accomplish similar designs, in any way best suited to the occasion. This might afford them an opportunity of displaying the talents of the country, with more of independent advantage to the artists of the country, than can be obtained by the casual, hasty, and imperfect means which trade offers.

Here it may not be improper to mention one of the methods, by which the artists of France, previous to the Revolution, were animated to exertion. Paris, at that time abounded with persons of *virtu*. Every man of education, was a man of taste; if he did not possess the means of making his collection of Paintings, he took care to have his port-folio of Prints and Drawings; and the Artist who had it in contemplation to publish his works, might, even before he began, calculate with almost a certainty on this dépôt, for a part, if not the whole of his expence.

Calculating then upon the growing taste of the country, and trusting to the disposition in favour of native talent, may not the hope be entertained, that some plan or plans may be devised, suitable to the improved state of the Arts, consisting of publications more immediately connected with the arts of Design, and in which the Painter and Engraver might mutually benefit, without the intervention of the book or printseller?

Schemes of this kind may be attended with difficulty, but is there any thing worthy of attaining that is not so? Without at all interfering with the speculations of trade, works of this sort would only fill up a great chasm in the Arts of the country; as well as foster and employ much talent that is now running to waste.

Supposing that now, or at any future period, the funds of the British Institution should, like those of the Royal Academy, increase beyond their present objects, could they be better employed than in affording the means of existence to men, who have made choice of the profession in which they are engaged, more from the desire of excellence than of profit. Such it may be presumed, my Lords and Gentlemen, are the individuals, to whom your attention is confined; for only such can aspire to the name of Artists, or to the honours which your patronage must bestow. In the hope that these brief and imperfect hints may attract the notice and consideration of the Members of the British Institution,

I remain, my Lords and Gentlemen, with the greatest respect, your most obedient humble servant,

R. D.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

THE ARTIST FOR ALL AGES,

Is one, who tells the *Tale of Truth*,
Never to age, nor oft to youth;
But smooths the wrinkles of the brow,
More than resemblance will allow;
Imparting to "lack lustre eyes,"
A splendour, that will all surprise,
Save the original, who sees,
Or thinks, they yet have power to please:
Raises with skill the sunken cheeks,
Improves their hue, their texture sleeks;
Then pales the blushes of the nose,
And colours pimples like the rose:
On shrivell'd lips implanting smiles,
The foldings of the chin beguiles,
Till, lost in pleasing lines, they float
In Beauty's curve along the throat:
And, for the lean and wither'd chest,
The swelling bosom stands confess;
In all the glow of youthful charms,
It seems to beat with love's alarms.

"Tis thus his pencil, gliding o'er
The rugged features of three-score,
And tracing back the steps of time,
Gives us the picture of our prime;
Rings changes upon bad complexions,
And makes them pure by apt reflexions:
While for the locks of red, or snow,
Golden or auburn ringlets flow.

Ah! Lawrence, Phillips, Beechey, Shee!
Or first, or last, you all agree
To make us—what we wish to be.

ESTHER EVERGREEN.

EPICRAM.

On a Gentleman objecting to a *Lady's breath*.
O turn not away from the arms of your dear,
Tho' her lip may be none of the sweet'st, I
allow,
O turn not away, for Elysium is there;
And—the road to Elysium's *Averus*, you
know.

C. S.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XXXI.

MATERNITY.

"Go away, little child," said Miss Whimsey, a maiden of fifty-two. "I hate children," added she, turning to me, as we were both waiting for Lady M.—to accompany us to see the Elgin marbles. "Hate children, madam," said I; "I cannot conceive that at all. That a person can hate children or music, is to me incredible. The innocence of the one and the harmony of the other, possess such powerful charms, that the bosom must be iron-hearted indeed, which is proof against the attractions of either." "Oh! fiddle-dee," cried the aged spinster; "I tell you that I hate them both; each of them spoils good company; the former by the obtrusiveness of their conduct, the latter by engrossing too much attention and by interrupting rational conversation." "Or, rather," replied I, "by putting a stop to idle chatter, or scandalous anecdote and artful slander."

"There!" cried Miss Whimsey, slapping the lovely little prattler—"there, nasty thing! It has left the print of its fingers on the sleeve of my pelisse." The child cried. "Dear little boy!" said I; "come to me." "How ill Lady M.—brings up her two children!" resented she; "thrusting them into society, as if other people were obliged to be as foolishly fond of them as she is herself. There is nothing so rude as to force brats into company this way."

At this moment a pug, suffocated with fat, and breaking out with high living, waddled from under her drapery, and began to cough and to sneeze. "Poor darling!" exclaimed the prim miss: "come to *his* (the child was *it*) own mistress." Here she kissed the odious brute, and wailed over it because it had caught cold. "Pardon me, madam," observed I, "if I assure you that your favourite is much more offensive than this little innocent." "Yes, because he bit you once," tartly answered the old maid. "And because, madam, (said I) his smell is nasty, his temper bad, and his appearance unwholesome and disgusting;—because, lastly, madam, the unbecoming preference which you give him to a fellow creature, must create indignation in any feeling mind which contemplates such conduct."

Here I hugged the pretty little boy to my bosom; whilst miss kissed the filthy lips of her pampered pet. However, by squeezing him too closely, she deranged his stomach, and he returned the compliment in the most sickening way. I rang the bell, and left the rest to the dog's mistress. "Pray, Mr. Smart," said she, to the groom of the chambers, "bring up a damask napkin, for my poor little darling is ill, and a little warm milk and sugar." The servant looked contempt, but obeyed. My little favourite now left my knees in order to pat and caress the dog. "Get out, you little devil!" exclaimed Miss Whimsey, in a sharp high key: "I wish he would bite you; let him alone, rude thing!"

I really had no patience with her. "Upon my honour, Miss Whimsey, I cannot brook your ill treatment of this dear innocent boy," said I. "Innocent!" she repeated;—"Yes; so is a barber's block, Innocent! Children should be kept in their nurseries; 'tis the only thing which they are fit for;—spoiling every thing and making a noise!" At this moment Lady M.—entered the room. "Your Ladyship's most obedient," said Miss Whimsey, with the falsest smile which I ever saw,—one in which neither kindness, benevolence, humanity, courtesy, nor since-riety dwelt; for pride and envy have chased all smiles from her furrowed cheek, yet fain would she ape a cheerful and engaging aspect. There are, unfortunately, a number of Miss Whimsey's cast in society,—wretches who, under the female form, lavish their tenderest cares on monkies, on lap dogs, and on parrots, whilst they act with the utmost inhumanity towards their fellow-creatures. By such persons dainties and delicacies are procured, at any price, for these incumbencies, and the most disgusting display of affection is exercised towards them. The

shivering and houseless wanderer is inhumanly chased from their gates; whilst these pet brutes repose on velvet couches, and are, nightly, pillow'd on down. Sometimes they share the couch of their unnatural mistress, or sleep at her feet, ready to fly at any one who approaches her, while they stand sentry over her false tresses, borrowed complexion, and artificial teeth.

Disappointed of the advances of our sex, these withering plants assume a chastity without grace, and a reserve without virtue. But delicacy is entirely lost sight of by them; for who that has any pretensions to delicacy, can slight the endearments of little children, to fondle such a hateful satire on human nature as the monkey, to pamper an offensive and useless dog, or to feed a parrot out of his mouth? Shocking in the extreme! The immorality of the thing too, goes further. Frequently is a servant dismissed and deprived of bread for ruffling the temper of Poll, for resisting the execrable caresses of Jacko, or for displacing pug from the hearth, perhaps to save him from being burned, or because his effluvia infects the whole air of the drawing room. Men and maids too are doomed to endure the bite, the stench, and the uncleanliness of these unseemly creatures.

But to return to Lady M.—. What a contrast to Miss Whimsey! How much suavity, delicacy of expression, mildness of deportment, and grace in her approach! how much sympathy and humanity in the language of her lips and eyes! what preventing obligingness! what corresponding kindness! what grateful return for every, the least attention! then to see her cast her maternal glance on her dear boy! to see the mother in every line of her countenance! —in the admiration of her eye, in the becoming swell of her bosom, in her half-shut mouth, and gently extended arm! all was harmony, all goodness, all parental tenderness and anxiety—that anxiety which is not eager self-interest, but love and christian charity.

Women's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming brideled triumphantly to the hymeneal altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on the earth.

Maternity, extatic sound! so twined round our heart, that it must cease to throb

ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are, first, uplifted to it; we cling to it, in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration, beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert; though a lone being, far be such feelings from

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—We are happy to say that the first novelty of the present season has been successful. It appeared in the shape of a Comedy, produced on Wednesday last, and ascribed to Mr. BEASLEY, called *The Steward, or Fashion and Feeling*; founded on Mr. HOLCROFT's drama of *The Deserted Daughter*, which was brought out in 1793, and tolerably well received, although polluted by much objectionable matter. The principal characters and most of the main incidents have been retained; but the alterations and additions are considerable and judicious. The following is an outline of the plot of the present piece:—

Mr. Mordent (MACREADY) who in early life was blessed with affluence and good humour, marries a woman of humble rank. The fruit of this marriage is a daughter, Joanna (Miss FOOTE) in giving birth to whom, her mother expires. Smitten with the charms of the heiress of an ancient peer, Mordent marries a second time; carefully concealing his former union; and basely disowning in infancy his child; who, in ignorance of her parent, is brought up under the care of Jonathan Winter (EMERT) an old confidential servant. As Joanna, who is a beautiful and accomplished creature, approaches the years of womanhood, her heart becomes impatient for knowledge of those who ought to be her natural protectors; but Mordent, fearful of enraging his wife's rich and proud relations, still refuses to receive, or even to see her.—Lady Anne Mordent (Mrs. DAVISON) urged by the wishes of her husband, enters, much against her inclination, into all the extravagance and dissipation of fashion; and this, joined to a love of gaming on the part of Mordent, plunges him into pecuniary difficulties. He becomes morose, and sullen. His distresses are heightened by the arts of his old steward Item (FARREN), who, under the garb of sanctity and honesty, conceals a vile compound of avarice, fraud, and lust, and who plays the too frequent game

of enriching himself by his unsuspecting master's ruin. Through the agency of a creature of his, Grime (BLANCHARD), he has advanced various sums of money to Mordent, and becomes the virtual though not the ostensible mortgagee of his whole property. To this worthy steward a thousand pounds are entrusted by his master for the purpose of placing Joanna in some situation where she may respectably earn her bread; which money Item appropriates to his own purposes; and determines, by making the lovely girl his wife, to confirm his claims to the Mordent estates. In order to further his plans he removes her to the house of a relation of his, Mrs. Penfold (Miss GREEN), where he hopes cunning and opportunity will enable him to effect his object.—Cheveril (JONES) the ward of Mordent, a fine, lively, ardent fellow, just come of age, has met Joanna on several occasions in the Green Park; and although he has never spoken to her, has become the slave of her charms. Lenox (CONNOR), a friend of Mordent's, has also seen, and is determined to possess her. Cheveril, through the means of Grime, obtains admission to Mrs. Penfold's house, and has an interview with Joanna; which is broken off by the entrance of Mordent, who, being much in debt to Lenox, is induced to visit the young lady, in order to assist Lenox in his scheme. Mordent, who of course does not know that Joanna is his daughter, won by her beauty, her innocence, and her ingenuousness, determines to befriend her; which determination however the subsequent remonstrances of Lenox induce him to relinquish. Joanna, suspecting the danger that threatens her, makes her escape in disguise; and in this disguise is met by Mordent, who having simultaneously discovered her flight and her near relation to him, has gone distractedly in pursuit of his "deserted daughter." An eclaircissement, and a scene of great tenderness follow; and the delighted father and child retire, rejoiced that chance has removed the obstacles by which they had been so long separated.—In the mean while Cheveril, anxious to relieve Joanna from her difficulties, applies to old Item for the sum of 10,000*l.*; which the latter consents to procure, on condition that Cheveril shall give him a receipt for 17,000*l.*; being the amount of the money that has accumulated in his guardian's hands during his minority. Cheveril agrees to this proposal, and Item, in his haste to conclude so advantageous a bargain, wholly forgets to take up from the table at which the negotiation has been carried on, his private memorandum book, which is filled with an account of his past villainies, together with a few hints for the rogueries that he means to perpetrate. His nephew Clement (ABBOTT), a worthy youth, who had long suspected his dishonesty, finds the book; and in spite of the urgent threats and prayers of the faithless Steward, places it in the hands of Mordent. Grime also becoming an evidence against his tutor and associate in guilt, confusion is hurled on the head of Item. Mordent bestows the hand of his daughter on Cheveril; and, restored

to fortune and equanimity, returns to the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his amiable and affectionate wife.

Such are some of the materials which enter into the composition of this Comedy; and we are bound in justice to the author to add that he has made a good use of them. If there is no great originality, there is at least much strength of character. The incidents are numerous and striking. The dialogue is easy and unpretending. Some improbabilities certainly exist in the conduct of the plot, and some curtains might be advantageously made in various scenes; but those blemishes are much outweighed by the good properties of the piece. The chief objection we have to it is that the principal person of the drama is allowed too irrevocably to forfeit our esteem.

The performers exerted themselves to the utmost. The great burden of effort lay on MACREADY and FARREN; and they acquitted themselves in a manner more than worthy their already established reputation. The characters allotted to them were indeed peculiarly adapted to their respective powers. The former, who in our opinion unites more of the highest qualities of his profession than any living actor, admirably personated the misanthropic Mordent; who, by a perversion of intellect too common in the world, attributes to the general baseness of mankind, the misery which he has brought on himself by his own folly and vice. In the early part of his performance, Mr. MACREADY reminded us of the description given by travellers of the indications of an approaching eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Smothered agitation, and sultry mummery—deep gloom, rendered still more awful by short and intermitting flashes of fire, prepared us for the wild and terrific burst of passionate horror, which, on the sudden discovery of the dreadful evils to which he had unwittingly exposed his innocent offspring, irresistibly overwhelmed in its descent every obstacle, and threatened general desolation and ruin. If, amidst so much excellency, we might hint at an imperfection, we would repeat what we said in our last number with respect to Mr. MACREADY's Joseph Surface, that, although his lower tones are to those who are near enough to hear them exquisitely in unison with the feelings which they express, they are inaudible to by far the larger part of the audience. We know that this is in a great measure to be ascribed to the inordinate size of the theatre; but as an actor cannot remedy that grievance, he ought to endeavour to accommodate himself to it. Those who have seen Mr. FARREN in *Lovegold*, may have some, though an inadequate notion of his excellency as *Item*. In every part of his performance, he was admirable; but he was transcendent in the exhibition, in the last scene, of the alternation of impotent rage and abject treaty; and of the eventual self-abandonment of a wretch, who witnesses the sudden disappointment of deep, and long-laid, and almost accomplished projects, and beholds nothing before him but the gulf of igno-

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table destruction. JONES supported the character of *Cheril* with more than even his ordinary vivacity. To use the expressive language of a judicious diurnal critic—“When the stern powers of MACREADY had touched the heart with a terrific exhibition of horror and remorse, the brilliant and redundant mirth of JONES brought us round to laughter; and from the instructive contemplation of the ghastly self-accuser, we passed with delight to the view of the joyous boundings of a guiltless spirit.” EMERY in the honest Yorkshire servant was very effective; as was also BLANCHARD in the Usurer. Mrs. DAVISON delightfully depicted the pleasing triumph of real feeling over the affected insensibility of fashion. Mrs. GRIBBS represented the slip-slop loquacity of a prying pert, but affectionate lady’s maid to the lie. Miss FOOTE was very interesting in *Jane*.

Since our last theatrical notice, Mr. Phillips (who our readers know has been for some time in America) has made his re-appearance, and Miss M. Tree (from Bath) her first appearance on the London boards. As we were not present at either event, we will abstain from all remarks; except that it seems to be the general opinion that the young lady will prove a valuable acquisition to the vocal strength of the Covent-Garden company. Within the same short period to which we have already alluded, that company has suffered the loss of a very characteristic actor, and a very estimable man, in Mr. SIMMONS, who died on Saturday last of apoplexy.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The brief season at this entertaining place of public amusement closed on Monday last. We are happy to observe, by the following farewell address, which was spoken on the occasion, that the opinion of the proprietors coincides with our own as to the expediency of avoiding any enlargement of the interior:

“**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,**

“As this evening closes our labours for the present summer, I come députed by the proprietors, to offer you their warm and grateful acknowledgments for the very kind support with which you have encouraged their humble but anxious efforts to provide for your entertainment during this very circumscribed season—now, alas! so circumscribed, as scarcely to permit us to set the wheels even of so small a theatrical machine as this fully and fairly in motion. The current of mirth is here scarcely suffered to flow freely, and bear you pleasantly along, before it is stopped by those mightier powers before whose strength our weakness must give way, and by whose control over histrio-one talent, by extending the period of their performance, the Haymarket season is now reduced to little more than a *name*.

“Whether we may, one more season, meet under this old and favoured roof, is uncertain; but, by the gracious favour of the Crown, the proprietors confidently trust that it will not be long before their exertions to receive you in a Theatre more commodious and appropriate may be crowned with success. At the same time they beg to assure

you, that in their endeavours to merit the protection of their generous benefactors, they will be anxious to preserve in their future arrangements all those established feelings of comfort and sociability so long united with this Playhouse, and will remember that to be heard, and to be seen, are most essential to dramatic representation. They assure you that the back row of the Galleries shall here still be able to participate with the front of the Pit, in the enjoyment of our mirth, without the aid of hearing trumpets, and that the most distant spectators shall here never have occasion to wish their opera-glasses converted into telescopes. In short, it is their intention that this shall still be the **LITTLE** Theatre in the Haymarket, where mirth and good-humour may find themselves at their snug and native home.

“Once more, Ladies and Gentlemen, suffer me to return you the grateful and heartfelt thanks of the proprietors for your liberal support, and to add those of the performers, assuring you, that we are all most truly sensible of your kindness.—I now respectfully bid you Farewell!”

VARIETIES.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—The Flemish papers have recently contained accounts of the late annual competition of the Society of Pigeon-fanciers at Antwerp.

On this occasion thirty-two pigeons, with the word *Antwerp* marked on their wings, were dispatched from the above city to London, whence they were sent back with answers, their wings being previously countermarked with the word *London*.

The custom of training pigeons to convey letters from one place to another, is prevalent in all parts of the East, but particularly in Syria, Arabia, and Egypt. The Mogul keeps a vast number of pigeons for the purpose of carrying letters on occasions when extraordinary speed is necessary. They fly from one extremity of his dominions to the other. By this mode of conveyance the Consul of Alexandretta daily sends dispatches to Aleppo in five hours, though couriers occupy a whole day in proceeding from one town to the other. The caravans travelling through Arabia, maintain communications with the Arab Sovereigns, by means of pigeons with letters fastened under their wings. These messengers fly with extraordinary rapidity, and return with fresh speed to the place where they have been reared. They are frequently observed lying with their backs on the sand, with their bills open to receive the morning dew, and recover breath. Pliny mentions that pigeons were employed to introduce letters into *Mutina*, (Modena,) when that place was besieged by Mark Antony. They were also employed in 1574, at the siege of Harlem, and in 1775, at that of Leyden.

The Prince of Orange, when the latter siege was raised, determined that the pigeons should be maintained at the public expense, and that at their death they should be embalmed and preserved in the town-house, as a perpetual mark of gratitude.

An author desires us to intimate to the public, that he has “nearly ready for publication,” a work “designed especially for *self-instruction*.” Perhaps this notice will be sufficient to the party concerned, and save stamp-duties.

At Hastings there are the ruins of an ancient fortification, one of the parts of which presents, from the opposite hill, the East Cliff, a most perfect colossal bust of His Majesty George III. It is not easy to conceive that a thing of chance should possess not only the lineaments but so entirely the air and character of the King.

The birth day of the celebrated poet Goethe, who has recently completed his 70th year, was celebrated with great solemnity in Frankfort, his native city. The citizens of Frankfort subscribed to defray the expense of a grand festival to commemorate the day.

It is worth mentioning as a novel feature in national intercourse, and no mean proof of the progressive improvement of the age, that Ismael Agha Mohammed Aly Kan, a Persian nobleman, a native of Ispahan, who is travelling for information, has arrived at Bourdeaux, where he intends to remain a month, and from thence he will proceed to Paris.—The suite of this nobleman consists merely of a secretary and an interpreter. When did we hear before of *Persian* tourists for instruction!

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—The following account of a most extraordinary phenomenon of nature may be depended on for its authenticity:—This singular man is probably still alive; he was living, to the writer’s knowledge, six years ago. In the village of Ditcheat, four miles from Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, in the year 1765, a woman of the name of Kingston was delivered of a stout boy, without arms or shoulders. He possesses, without the usual appendages of arms, all the strength, power, and dexterity of the ablest and most regular-made men, and exercises every function of life. He feeds, dresses and undresses himself, combs his own hair, shaves his beard with the razor in his toes, cleans his shoes, lights his fire, writes out his own bills and accounts, and does almost every other domestic business. Being a farmer by occupation, he performs the usual business of the field, fodders his cattle, makes his ricks, cuts his hay, catches his horse, and saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. He can lift ten pecks of beans with his teeth; with his feet he throws a large sledge hammer farther than any other man can with his arms, and he has fought a stout battle, and come off victorious. These facts are notorious in most parts of Somersetshire.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank N. O. for his note, and shall be glad of more particular information on the subject of it.

O. P. Q. R.’s letter is illegible. Should he or she correspond with us again, we trust that he or she will prove himself or herself an able writer.

Erratum, p. 582, last No. col. 3. line 9 from bottom, for *Huber’s* read *Huber’s*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 9.—Thermometer from 52 to 75.
Barometer from 30.33 to 30.29.
Wind S. E. and S. W. 3.—Clear about noon; the rest of the day generally cloudy.
Friday, 10.—Thermometer from 53 to 74.
Barometer from 30.29 to 30.24.
Wind E.S.E. 0.—Morning cloudy; the rest of the day clear.
Saturday, 11.—Thermometer from 45 to 65.
Barometer from 30.20 to 30.35.
Wind N.E. 2.—Cloudy.
Sunday, 12.—Thermometer from 53 to 68.
Barometer from 30.42 to 30.45.
Wind N.E. 1.—Generally clear.
Monday, 13.—Thermometer from 38 to 75.
Barometer from 30.49 to 30.45.
Wind S.E. 4.—Generally clear; a fine strong coloured halo was formed all the morning.
Tuesday, 14.—Thermometer from 43 to 75.
Barometer from 30.43 to 30.36.
Wind S.E. 1.—Clear.
Wednesday, 15.—Thermometer from 48 to 68.
Barometer from 30.18 to 30.06.
Wind E. 1 and N.W. 1.—Morning clear; the rest of the day cloudy; and raining most of the afternoon.

On Sunday, 19th instant, at 11 hours, 19 minutes, 40 seconds, clock time, the 1st satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Thursday, 20th, at 8 hours, 15 minutes, 27 seconds, clock time, the fourth satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

Partnership.

TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—A Young Man of unexceptionable character and religious principles, competent to undertake the Latin and French department of a School, may be admitted into a respectable Academy on the most liberal terms.—Apply at Messrs. Pincock and Mauder's, School Agents, &c. 268, Strand.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Stothard's Illustrations of Tales of My Landlord.

This day is published,

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, containing, among many interesting and amusing Articles, a Criticism on, and copious Extracts from, THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, embellished with a highly-finished engraving, by J. Heath, A.R.A. Historical Engraver to His Majesty and the Prince Regent, from a painting by T. Stothard, Esq. R.A. to illustrate The Bride of Lammermoor.

The present Number (and we particularly call the attention of the public to it) contains the first of a Series of Engravings, by Heath, from Paintings by Stothard, to illustrate the three Series of THE TALES OF MY LANDLORD. The Magazine for September will be embellished with an Illustration of

The Legend of Montrose.

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